

FOR FAMILY USE.

NO SKILL OR PRACTICE NEEDED.

No Clamps Required.

Directions Plain and Simple.



One of the most Powerful Cements in the World.

Although but recently introduced, read what people say of it:

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 1880.
Being a grandfather, with four active grandchildren who are continually breaking their toys and other things, I have found the **Hercules Glue** to be one of the very best preparations for mending broken things. I have ever tried, because it is always ready and does not dry up and waste.
WILLIAM H. GARRIGUES,
Firm of Garrigues Brothers, Booksellers, 608 Arch Street.

HE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL SUPPLY CO.
518 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 1880.
We have sold the **Hercules Glue** for some time past, and it has given great satisfaction in every instance and we have heard from. Have also used it ourselves, and consider it the very best article for the purpose in the market.
J. T. STONE, Manager.

KEYSTONE SCHOOL AND CHURCH FURNITURE COMPANY.
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30, 1880.
We have tested the **Hercules Glue**, and, for the purpose intended, fully believe it has no equal. Many slight accidents are constantly occurring to furniture, which can be readily repaired by it without clamping or the necessity of a workman. For a real handy article it excels.
A. F. OLD.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 8, 1880.
My Dear Sirs.—It affords me the pleasure to testify to the merits of **Hercules Glue**. I have found it particularly useful for attaching rubber to wood, for the purpose of printing on blocks; and for this reason consider it especially valuable to the Manufacturers of Rubber Stamps. Hoping that you will be successful in your endeavors to make its reputation world wide,
I remain, yours truly,
JAMES P. BRYAN, 1328 Chestnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 9, 1880.
We cheerfully attest to the merit of **Hercules Glue**. Its exactly what we need,—always ready and effective, does its work well, and does not mold. We have given it all the kindred preparations in the market a trial, and unhesitatingly award the palm of superiority to **Hercules**. It alone does all that is claimed for it. We do not see how any one, needing a reliable glue, can well do without it.
SCHNEIDER & SON, 881 Arch Street.

November 29, 1880.
Hercules is no misnomer. A giant in strength—a paragon in usefulness.
A. C. GAW.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10, 1880.
Gentlemen.—I have used the **Hercules Glue** in my family for some time, and find it very useful for all purposes for which you recommend it.
Yours truly,
E. G. PASSMORE, 681 Market Street.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan'y 21, 1881.
Your **Hercules Glue** needs no endorsement. Only give it a trial, and it will endorse itself.
THOMAS W. STUCKY,
67 North Seventh Street.

NEW YORK, January 25, 1881.
Dear Sirs.—After trying its strength on your most specimen of the sticking qualities of your **Hercules**, I concluded to order a small quantity for home use, where on trial with miscellaneous household goods it did its work most effectively.
Truly Yours,
DANIEL SLOTE, 119 & 121 William Street.

PHILADELPHIA, March 17, 1881.
I am using the **Hercules Glue** for fastening Glass in Bronze and Nickel-plated Card-frames, and find it far superior to all others.
THEODORE RUE, 618 Chestnut Street.

Among the many advantages it has over all other preparations, the most important is, that **IT WILL KEEP FOR YEARS**, and without losing its good qualities, and is always ready for use, mixed with it will endure to have in the house. It can be used for cementing Wood, Crockery Ware, China, Glass, Leather, &c. Retail prices, 25 cents per Jar.

For sale by all Book-sellers and Stationers.

BAKER, PRATT & CO.,
Wholesale Agents
NO. 19 BOND STREET,
(near Broadway),
New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO.'S
SELECT LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

An advertiser who spends upwards of \$5,000 a year, and who invests less than \$500 of it in this List, writes: "Your Select Local List paid me better last year than ALL THE OTHER ADVERTISING LISTS."

IT IS NOT A CO-OPERATIVE LIST.
IT IS NOT A CHEAP LIST.
IT IS AN HONEST LIST.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of a paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the BEST. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States ranges from \$2 to \$80. The price for one inch one month in the entire list is \$625. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are \$22,080.14. The list includes 952 newspapers of which 187 are issued DAILY and 765 WEEKLY. They are located in 788 different cities and towns, of which 245 are State Capitals, 263 places of over 5,000 population, and 468 County Seats. For copy of List and other information address
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
10 Spruce St., New York.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1881.

NUMBER 36.

POETRY.

Vacation is Over.

Hurrah! hurrah! for school again—the long vacation's over!
Come boys, and girls, arouse yourselves; too long we've lived in clover!
We've wandered o'er the mountains high, and roamed o'er hill and valley,
Till now at last, the bugle calls: "To arms! your forces rally!"
So come from north and south, and come as well from east and west,
And run a race o'er Learning's road—your swiftest and your best!
A glad vacation we have had, 'neath summer skies so blue;
Now once again to lessons and our school-days we'll be true.

Our cheeks are brown from many a kiss from sunbeams hard at play.
And wind and breeze have been our friends for many a merry day.
We've chased the fluttering butterfly, the grass-hopper and bee;
We've climbed the hay-loft in the barn, and many a strong old tree.
We've leaped the fences, leaped the brooks, and we've searched the good old barn for eggs, and swung from beam to beam;
We've torn our clothing into strips; we've lost our hats, and—oh!
Our mothers will be glad to have vacation o'er I know!

So hurrah for school again! Once more our teachers stand,
With rules upon their finger tips and ruler in the hand!
But this rule we hate the most—the simple "rule of three!"
Is surely not, my comrades dear, the bothering "rule of three!"
And, for all children who have hands, that is the hardest rule.
But never mind! There'll come a time when winter's reign is o'er,
And school-books closed, hurrah! hurrah! for summer time once more!

STORY TELLER.

The Severed Hand.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

About the end of January, more than twenty years since, Dr. Lisfranc, a celebrated surgeon of Paris, was returning to his house at eleven o'clock at night. He had reached the door, raised the knocker, and was about to give warning to the maid in attendance of his arrival, when a vigorous arm stopped his own half way, and at the same time three masked figures surrounded the astonished doctor. The street was deserted, the doctor had no arms by him, and, wisely judging resistance would prove unavailing, he sought to escape from the hands of the banditti by the sacrifice of his purse, when the man who held his arm addressed him very politely, saying:

"I believe you are Dr. Lisfranc?"
"You seem to be acquainted with my person," replied the doctor.
"Take, then, my purse and watch—trouble me no longer, but get you gone to more honest work."
"Sir," said the man, haughtily, "we are no thieves, but only come to ask from you a favor."

"You have chosen a strange way and an unusual hour for such a purpose," said the doctor, mistrustfully.
"Every hour is good for so clever a surgeon as yourself to perform an operation."

"Eh?" said the doctor, who, a little reassured, stood examining his three clients more closely, and perceived that they were dressed more like gentlemen going to a ball than like highway robbers.
"We request, doctor, that you follow us immediately."

"Permit me, at least, to warn my lady of absence."

"No; there is no need for it. You have your implements with you; that will do. You must submit, however, to having your eyes bandaged."

"But, sir—"

"Come, come, by George," said one of the men, "if you have so many words about it we shall never proceed." He then sounded a shrill whistle, and a carriage coming from a narrow street in the neighborhood made its appearance. The men led the doctor to it, helped him up, and then got in after him. The horses galloped away at a rapid pace.

Dr. Lisfranc did not even think of offering any resistance, which must prove useless, but submitted with a good grace to the mysterious violence exercised upon his person.

For two hours' time not a word was exchanged between him and his traveling companions, who spoke among themselves in a language he could not understand.

At length the carriage rolled beneath a portico—the noise of an opening gate was heard creaking on its hinges—the carriage stopped.

The door was opened and the steps let down.

"Well?" inquired an anxious voice.

"He is here," replied one of the men in the carriage, and, taking the doctor by the hand, assisted him to alight. They then caused him to ascend several steps.

By the cold air that struck upon his face the doctor perceived that he was on the steps of an outer portico. A door was opened and the doctor fancied they made him cross a large hall; he was then led through a suite of

apartments, covered with soft carpeting. At last the doctor's guide paused and said:

"We have reached our destination, doctor; remove your bandage."

The doctor, whose terror had changed to an uneasy curiosity and a vague apprehension, obeyed the stranger's voice and found himself in a small room, luxuriously furnished, and but half lit by an alabaster lamp which hung in the middle of the room. The window curtains were closely shut, as well as those of the alcove, which occupied the further end of the apartment. In this room the doctor found himself alone with one of the three individuals who had made him an unwilling captive.

The stranger was tall and of imposing mien. He was dressed with a truly aristocratic precision; his black eyes glittered through the half mask that covered his upper features, while a nervous twitch agitated his uncovered lips and the thick beard which surrounded the lower part of his face.

"Doctor," said the stranger; in a dry and broken voice, "prepare your implements, you have to perform an amputation."

"Where is the patient?" inquired Lisfranc. Saying such he returned toward the alcove, and moved a step forward. The curtains waved gently, and a stifled sigh was heard coming from that direction.

"Prepare for the operation, sir," repeated the stranger convulsively.

"But," said the doctor, "it is important that I should see the patient."

"You can see only the hand which you are required to cut off."

The doctor then crossed his arms, and, looking earnestly at his interlocutor, replied:

"Sir, there has been violence used in bringing me here; if it be true, however, that some one stands in need of my services, without looking into your secrets—unmindful of the way I have been brought here—I shall willingly do my duty as a surgeon. But if you have meditated a crime, you may have obliged me to follow but you cannot force me to be your accomplice."

"Be easy, sir," replied the stranger, bitterly; "there is no crime in all this." And taking the doctor by the arm he walked up to the alcove; then pointing to a hand that came from behind the curtains, he said: "That is the hand you are to cut off."

The doctor took within his own the extended hand; he felt its delicate fingers shudder at the contact. It was a woman's hand, small and beautifully shaped, on which a ruby ring made its whiteness appear still more remarkable.

"Nothing here," exclaimed the doctor; "no, nothing demands an amputation."

"And I tell you," cried the stranger, with a thundering voice, "that, if the surgeon refuses, I shall fulfill his office myself," and seizing an axe that lay at the foot of the bed, he laid the hand on the night table and prepared to sever it.

The doctor held him back.

"Then do it yourself," said the man.

"But this is an atrocious deed!" cried poor Lisfranc.

"That is nothing to you. It must be done; I will do it. The lady wishes it likewise; if she must ask of you herself, she will do it. Come, madame, request the doctor to do you the favor."

Poor Lisfranc, pale and trembling, felt ready to faint on the floor. A feeble voice came from the alcove, and said, in a tone of unutterable despair and resignation:

"Since you are a surgeon, sir—yes, I entreat you—let it be yourself—and do not let—oh, you—for mercy's sake!"

"Come, doctor," said the unknown; "either you or I."

So fierce and terrible was the aspect of the stranger, and so implacable and relentless his determination—the prayer of the poor lady so poignant and despairing, that the doctor felt impelled by humanity itself to obey the command.

He took his implements, implored with a last look the heartless stranger, who merely replied by pointing significantly to the axe. With a broken spirit, and a cold perspiration bathing his noble brow, the doctor recalled all his energy and presence of mind. Twice his arm trembled, and he paused. At length the blood spouted forth; a shriek burst from the alcove, and to that cry of agony succeeded a dead silence.

The stranger stood by, apparently unmoved. Nothing was heard but the noise of the horrible work. Soon the hand and the instrument fell together. The doctor, livid and exhausted, gazed upon the stranger with haggard eyes. The latter stopped, picked up the severed hand, and drawing the ruby ring from off one of the fingers, presented it to the doctor.

"Take it, doctor," said he; "it is a souvenir; no one will claim it from you."

He then added, in a low voice, "It is over!"

Immediately the other two masked men came in and bandaged his eyes again, led him away. The same carriage that had brought him there set him down again at his own door. Doctor Lisfranc snatched the bandages from his eyes in time to see the carriage rolling away and disappearing in the darkness. It was five o'clock in the morning.

It was in vain that day after day the doctor exhausted every means he could imagine for penetrating the mystery of this terrible adventure. Had it not been for the ring (indisputable proof of the reality of his recollections), he would have thought himself a prey to an hallucination.

Hoping, however, that the ruby ring would sooner or later lead to some revelation of this mysterious affair, he was in the habit of wearing it suspended to his watch chain.

About two months after the events just recorded, Dr. Lisfranc received an invitation to a ball given by the Countess de P—, in her magnificent mansion in the Rue de Varennes, Paris.

He accordingly went. All the fashionable elite of the French nobility, as well as the most illustrious personages of German diplomacy, thronged the saloons, which were radiant with light and beauty.

A young man, with a pale face and melancholy eye, had been, during the evening, the object of particular remark by many of the guests. He walked, from time to time, through the suite of apartments, with an anxious look, and then, with a sorrowful demeanor, separated from the crowd.

It so happened that this young man found himself, for an instant, opposite to Doctor Lisfranc. His eyes mechanically falling upon the doctor, soon assumed an earnest stare, and that glittered with a fearful expression on the ring that shone on his chain. With a sudden and rapid movement, the young man passed a group that separated him from the doctor, and walking directly up to him, he bowed him rudely and intentionally. The doctor politely remonstrated; but, instead of answering, the young man struck him repeatedly in the face.

It may easily be conceived what excitement and consternation this scene produced.

The next day was appointed for a meeting, and the company soon after dispersed in confusion.

The young Matilda de—(the names are too illustrious and too well known for us to point them out, even by initials) the young Matilda de—was the daughter of one of the most illustrious soldiers of the empire. Her father had acquired an elevated place, great glory and a high rank in the army; but he was one of the few generals whom the emperor had not enriched. Matilda de—had, therefore, no fortune to bestow upon the one who should call her his.

Napoleon de—was the grandson of the noble Duchess de—. The duchess had a great name, an empty title, but no fortune.

Notwithstanding this, the duchess and the general, long bound together by the ties of friendship, had mutually agreed to unite their two children in marriage.

Of this determination, however, they soon repented. While Matilda and Napoleon gave themselves up to the sweet charm of their mutual affection, the duchess and the general, alarmed for the interests of their children, and a little also for their own, played a scene of high comedy.

"If my daughter," said the general, "marries that poor fellow, Napoleon, adieu to luxury and pleasure."

"If my son," soliloquized the duchess, "should wed a girl and not a fortune, how could we ever restore luster to the noble house of—?"

The general, therefore, sought to wean Matilda from her lover; and the duchess exerted herself to divert Napoleon from thinking of Matilda. But neither could succeed. Napoleon and Matilda loved too sincerely, too devotedly, to fall an easy prey to the snares spread out to entrap their youth and inexperience.

Unable to disunite them, the general and the duchess insisted upon the departure of Napoleon, and on his absconding himself for a while from Paris. They had told him that the smallness of their fortune required it. It was indispensable for him to acquire a position in the world. The minister had just offered to provide him with a place as secretary of some foreign embassy. Should he refuse to go he would shut himself out from a brilliant career. He must accomplish this sacrifice, were it but for Matilda's sake, as her future welfare depended upon it, and he was to become responsible for her happiness. Napoleon, at length, unwillingly consented.

He saw Matilda for the last time, and told her of his intended departure. A cry of agony burst from the young

girl's bosom. In vain did Napoleon acquaint her with his projects; in vain did he endeavor to comfort her by pointing out, in a speedy return, a whole life of love, happiness and wealth. Matilda still remained inconsolable. A dark foreboding prevented her from believing the false promises of an uncertain future. What could she gain in exchange for happiness which at present was theirs, and which they were about to sacrifice to duty? She felt that her golden dream was over; that it was fading away from her sight.

Napoleon took her hand in his and covered it with tears and kisses. "Remember," said he, "remember that thou art my betrothed, and that you are mine, forever mine."

Saying which, he put a ruby ring on her finger.

"It is my mother's," murmured he. Matilda could only answer by pressing the ring to her lips, and then fell fainting and desolate upon a couch.

Napoleon departed. His absence facilitated the object of the parents.

The general then made an appeal to Matilda's devoted heart; he exaggerated poverty; he invented a tale about debts and engagements which he would not be able to meet; he pointed out to her the horrors which would surround his miserable old age, beggared and dishonored; he even hinted to her that it would be far better to cut short his troubled life. She alone had power to save him; she must forget Napoleon and wed the Count de—, whose handsome and manly face, whose noble soul she well must know how to appreciate.

A little selfishness, and Matilda would have been saved; but it is the weakness of elevated minds not to shrink from sacrifices. Matilda, in despair, threw herself in her father's arms and promised all. He blessed and thanked her for her devotion.

He was yet speaking when Matilda had left the room, unable longer to control her overcharged feelings. Pale, exhausted with a struggle, she hastened to her apartment, and, sinking on a seat, gave way to a flood of silent but bitter tears.

Flow, flow, cruel tears! Weep thou noble creature, upon thy dreams so bright, so short-lived! Happiness, alas! was never made for souls like thine!

The banns were published, and on the 10th of January, 18—, in the church of St. Thomas d'Aquins, Matilda was wedded to the Count de—. The general's face was radiant with satisfaction.

At the moment of the nuptial blessing, when the bridegroom puts on the finger of the bride the ring—symbolic link of the claim that unites them—instead of giving her left hand, as the custom, Matilda suddenly passed to the count's right and gave him her right hand. The count was about to make an observation and take her hand; but Matilda drew it back and again extended to him her right hand, lowering her eyes, but with that air of firmness and determination which is not to be mistaken. The count saw it at once and fearing a scene, did not insist, but put the ring on the right hand which Matilda still held out to him.

The count was of a jealous nature, as jealous as Othello. A fatal suspicion had taken possession of his mind. The ring which Matilda wore on her left hand gave him much uneasiness. He told Matilda that he looked upon it with aversion, and begged of her to wear it no longer. Matilda replied that she would never be separated from it, giving her answer with much sweetness, but with the same determined air which she had shown at her wedding.

From that time that which had previously only been a suspicion in the count's mind became a certainty. He determined upon being revenged, but dissembled his feelings and purpose. A system of surveillance was organized around Matilda. Soon there came a letter from Napoleon. The youth, ignorant of Matilda's sacrifice, and the ruin of his dearest hopes, spoke of his love, of his future happiness, of their speedy marriage. He reminded Matilda that she belonged to him, and he requested her to look often upon the ruby of his mother's ring whilst thinking of him. He concluded by announcing a happy tidings. He was charged by his ambassador to be the bearer of important dispatches to Paris. Before a month was over he would again see his beloved Matilda.

This letter was put into the count's hands. He saw through it all. He went to Matilda's apartment with the open letter in his hand, and, handing it to her, said coolly:

"I can imagine your scruples, but why did you not explain yourself sooner? You have sworn that your hand will only belong to him! Very well! as soon as he arrives I shall take it upon myself to make your promise good," added he, with a frightful smile.

Matilda did not even shudder; she

seemed to have nothing more to fear upon earth.

In a short time Napoleon returned to Paris; but he was much altered. Grief and despair had preyed upon his heart, for he had heard of his misfortune.

The day after his arrival a small ebony box was presented to him, which had been brought by a servant in a livery. He opened it. His horror and his anguish might more easily be imagined than described. That casket contained a bloody hand—the hand of a woman—Matilda's hand!

On a paper, stained with blood, he read these words: "So does the Count de— keep his word." Roaring with rage and indignation, he took his pistol and flew to the count's house.

The count and Matilda had disappeared during the night, a few hours after the bloody deed, and no one knew whether they had gone.

On the night Napoleon had recognized his mother's ring on the doctor's chain, he had gone to that ball because a secret presentiment had urged him thither.

The next day Dr. Lisfranc and his antagonist met in the wood of Vincennes. The doctor received a severe wound below the armpit. He lay long in danger, but hopes were entertained for his recovery. Before leaving his adversary, the doctor related to him the incidents of that terrible night on which he had been compelled to commit a crime for the sake of humanity.

"However," added he, "Matilda could not have suffered much; a sublime exaltation sustained her courage, but I am sure she was happy in her suffering, in the thought that her hand, at last would be returned to you. And when it was over I heard a gentle voice murmuring from behind the curtain that hid her from my sight: 'Tell him, I beseech you, that my heart will go toward him even as my hand.' Had it not been or the ring I could not have fulfilled her wish."

In and Around Philadelphia.

During the past summer, the members of our Lyceum have been out to the seaside or country for recreation, and the Lyceum has been asleep after the manner of Rip Van Winkle for the past two months. Last Wednesday it awoke, and the first meeting of the fall was held in the Board of Managers' room (4th floor) in the Young Men's Christian Association building. There was a goodly number of mutes in attendance. The writer gave the proceedings of the late Harrisburg Convention. He was followed by Mr. J. A. Roop, our President, who spoke about his pleasant journey to his mother's home, and the good time he had at the Convention.

The literary programme, which will be issued Wednesday, the 7th inst., will be very interesting. All are cordially welcome.

The writer was much pleased at meeting many old friends at the Harrisburg Convention, and also at the private boarding house of Mrs. Wolfiger. Several deaf-mutes who were boarding at the Jones' Hotel during the Convention went there and spent the evenings in a pleasant manner.

The writer was informed that Messrs. Thos. Breen, Jerome T. Elwell, Eddie D. Wilson, Chas. H. Snare, Conroy and Devlin, had a narrow escape from being killed or wounded in the collision of two trains at Merion, Pa., while on their way home from the Harrisburg Convention.

The writer was much obliged to Mr. Washington Houston, his most earnest friend, for his kindness in sending him the newspaper containing an account of the proceedings of the Utica Convention. Hope he had a splendid time, and also that it was a grand success.

A western engineer has invented a hot-water pump with which to squirt hot water on to deaf persons who walk off the track. This another source of interesting items is ruthlessly cut off by the inventive genius of this country. Next they will invent non-explosive kerosene, and then what will the newspaper itemizers do?

Mr. Samuel Dawson, a mute, who was sent to the Insane Asylum in Norristown, Pa., has just been released, and has returned to his home in Manayunk, Pa.

The *Chronicler and Advertiser* says: "William Jackson, a little mute sailor, of Manayunk, was in Mosley, England a short time ago, and he expects to come to America before long."

We were sorry to hear of Miss Cassie Green's recent illness, and are glad to hear she is recovering.

The writer is very much obliged to Mr. and Mrs. Anthony for their kindness by inviting him to improve his health at Lehigh Gap during the summer, where he had a jolly and splendid time.

Wm. H. LISBERT.

CINCINNATI

Rev. Mr. Mann's Service

DEPARTURE OF MR. AND MRS. MCGREGOR.

THE PICNIC.

Cupid's Work.

The Rev. A. W. Mann, filled his appointment at this place, and a large audience—larger than usual—greeted him. His lecture was very good, and in the course he alluded touchingly to our wounded President.

At the close of the services, Mr. R. P. McGregor was invited to the stage when he made a short farewell address, saying that he regretted to leave Cincinnati where he had sojourned pleasantly for the past six years, only barred by a few unpleasant incidents, which he would leave behind. Those present expressed their great sorrow in parting with him and his excellent wife. They got several wooden wedding presents from their friends which occurred on the 19th ult.

This morning Mr. and Mrs. McGregor and their beautiful little daughter Bessie took the cars for Colorado Via St. Louis. A pleasant journey and safe arrival is the desire of all their friends in Cincinnati.

The picnic given by Mr. Ben Oppenheimer of the 25th of August, under the name of the "Cincinnati Mute Society," passed off pleasantly and was a tolerable success, both financially and in attendance. There was considerable opposition, especially among the members of the Anderson Literary Society, on account of the name which Mr. O. gave the picnic. Mr. Leon Schonfeld, a speaking man, was the lucky holder of a ticket which drew the gold watch. About 35 mutes and 150 speaking people attended the picnic. Those noble six-footers from Kentucky who enjoyed the picnic were Messrs. John Kinsler and Leslie Whitaker, of Grant County, Ky., Sam Chinkenbeard, of Butler, Ky., and Millard Fulton, of Demosville, Ky. Messrs. F. J. Woliston and C. H. Rice also honored the picnic with their presence. They did not bring their dear wives along with them, much to the disappointment of their numerous friends.

At the residence of the bride's parents near Springfield, Ohio, on the 31st ult., Mr. S. M. Freeman was united in marriage to Miss Lizzie Herrick, an excellent and amiable young lady, who graduated from the Columbus School a few years ago. The happy couple came to Cincinnati to pay their respects to Mr. Freeman's parents, and then left for their future home in the Sunny South.

Mr. George Van Doren, a well and favorable known mute employed in a paper mill in Franklin, Ohio, was married on the 25th of August, to Miss Ella La Fever, a lovely and charming young lady of Dayton, Ohio. Rev. Mr. Mann tied the knot. The happy twain came to Cincinnati and spent their honeymoon. They attended Rev. Mr. Mann's services last Sunday. On Monday they repaired to Franklin, where they will reside.

Tony Byrne, after an absence of nearly a year, put in his appearance in the city. He had been working on shares for various farmers in the country. He expects to return to the country soon.

Mr. Frank Cately paid a flying visit to Louisville last Sunday, where, his wife and big son are rusticated.

Misses Morin and Wolski, are back home after a raid into the country, and look healthy and fat.

Mrs. Fanny Smithson is enjoying the country breeze at the residence of Miss Mary Guard at Elizabethtown, Ohio.

Mrs. Clara D. Putnam, a speaking sister of the writer, is here on a visit to her parents and relatives.

Mr. Robert Stevenson, is working in a stone yard near this city with Phil Thinnies, and is earning good wages.

Mrs. Rebecca Barrick, the venerable mother of Mr. John Barrick, died at her residence on Findlay Street, last Sunday night, at an advanced age.

Mr. Elmer Lewis, is out again, after a two week's fight with Malaria Fever.

Sept. 1, 1881.

F. A. HODGSON, Editor.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and 7th Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best articles contribute to it.

TERMS:—One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 2.50. These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter. Terms, cash in advance.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

The Utica Convention was not so largely attended as it should have been, but the proceedings were of marked interest and everything embraced in the meeting was managed in a quiet and effective manner. The address of the president was a masterpiece in its way, and if some one of the plans advanced can be put into practice, we have every reason to believe that success will result. Of course, as the president remarked, everything would have to be well-considered before any decided move could be made, and it is quite certain that there would be some risk. The enterprises suggested are all of great magnitude, but the results to be expected are equally great. We have not had time to think over any of the plans which the president of the Empire State Association has presented, (and which will be printed in full in next week's issue of the JOURNAL) so it is impossible to give our views on any of them. But we intend to give them all the consideration due to their importance and hope that all intelligent deaf-mutes will do the same. The oration was well delivered, and contains some wholesome truths. The orator is a young man but is possessed of more than mediocre ability, and we predict for him a bright and prosperous future.

It is pleasing to note that the present generation of deaf-mutes is far ahead of the last generation as regards intelligence and independent manhood. There are less of the distinguishing peculiarities to be noticed which seemed inherent features of years gone by. Let us hope that through the aid and encouragement of such associations and reunions, the progress which has made remarkable the history of deaf-mutes during the last quarter of a century will continue, and that each year will find us as a class higher in the estimation of the general public.

Our friend Mr. Jacques Loew reached New York from Europe on Saturday last by the steamship Britannic, of the White Star Line. He has been absent from New York nearly three months, and during that time has travelled through England and visited nearly all the principal cities of Europe. We are especially indebted to him for services rendered us in forwarding the interests of the JOURNAL in Europe. He has added a good many names to our list of foreign subscribers, having obtained for us several subscriptions from London and Liverpool, England; Paris, France; Turin, Italy; Berlin, Prussia; Stockholm, Sweden; Vienna, Austria; and Leipzig, Germany. It is with pleasure we acknowledge this substantial aid given to the JOURNAL, and it is all the more gratifying when we consider that the assistance thus rendered will, through a more extended European circulation of our paper, have the good effect of demonstrating to foreigners the superior social relations of American deaf-mutes. We are glad Mr. Loew has once more come among us, and hope that the city of New York may long continue to be his place of abode. We need such men as he to redeem the character which deaf-mutes have acquired of being incompetent in the world of industry—not that all are really so, but that many have made the reputation for our class. Mr. Loew stands in the first rank in the mercantile world, and manages enterprises which no one acquainted with the average run of deaf-mutes would believe one of them capable of undertaking.

We have received the First Annual Report of the New England Industrial School for Deaf-Mutes, which em-

braces a period of time from February 1880 to July 1881.

The school is an incorporated society, and owns a farm of fifty-seven acres. It is supported entirely by donations, though State aid is hoped for in the near future. There are two departments—an industrial and an educational. The whole is superintended by Mr. Wm. B. Sweet. Miss Nellie Sweet assisted by Mr. Harry White, are instructors in the educational department, the former, who is a hearing lady, giving instruction in articulation to all who can be benefited by it.

The industrial department is intended to give industrial training to all deaf-mutes of New England who may need it, no matter if they have graduated from other schools or not, and afford employment to all who can not obtain it elsewhere. The educational department receives pupils as in other institutions for deaf-mutes, and teaches them by the methods adopted in the largest and oldest schools in the country—that is, by the sign-system and the articulation system, in different classes.

The superintendent's report gives the history of the origin and progress of the school, and is worthy of being read.

The receipts for the year ending December 1880 amounted to \$2,445.63 and the expenditures \$2,359.59, leaving a balance in favor of the school of \$86.04. The amount of the expenses incurred has been remarkably low, so low, in fact, that it seems almost incredible when we consider that there are 18 pupils connected with the educational department and 8 with the industrial, and salaries of two teachers and superintendent, matron, etc., to be paid. It can not be denied that economy has been practised in order to give such a favorable showing in the way of expenses.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent to: *The Itemizer*.

The New York School opened yesterday.

Rev. John Turner passed a pleasant evening on the 4th inst., at the house of Mr. John Godfrey, of Auburn, N. Y.

Prof. John W. Scott, of the Mississippi Institution and his wife, are in Pennsylvania. They will return to Jackson, Miss., about the fifteenth of this month.

Rev. Job Turner preached on Sunday, September 5th, in St. Peter's Church, Auburn, N. Y., before seven deaf-mutes, among whom was Miss Kittle Boardley, of Union Springs, and Mr. H. B. Brown, of Troy.

Mr. W. Frey, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., was married recently. Who the bride is, when he was married, or whether she is a deaf-mute or a speaking lady is unknown, as Mr. Frey has kept it a profound secret, as he thinks. They reside in New Jersey.

B. M. Zeigler took W. W. S. with him to the Indian School in Carlisle, for the purpose of seeing the buildings, shops, etc. Several Indians are able to write, as well as white people in their own language, and work in shops such as: tin, carriage, shoe, harness, blacksmith, etc.

John B. Newcomb, of Rochester, N. Y., has returned home after a two weeks' trip to Michigan, via the great lakes. He has been in Bay City, East Saginaw, Saginaw City, Port Huron and Detroit. He stopped in Buffalo, N. Y., three days, and while there met Messrs. Taylor, J. Getzinger and Webster.

Mr. and Mrs. George Homer, of Boston, Mass., were at the Utica Convention. They afterwards went to Saratoga, and from thence to New York, and were present at St. Ann's Church on Sunday last. On Monday they went to Long Branch. Their friends of the Empire State were glad to see them.

After the Utica Convention, Geo. L. Reynolds, Leo Greis and Mr. Rider and family, visited the new buildings of the Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Rome. They had an enjoyable time, and are in Mexico, N. Y., for a week or so. They will visit some friends in Syracuse and Clinton. Altogether they are becoming great travelers.

Mr. Alden P. Osgood, of Natick, Mass., writes to us as follows: "On the 27th of August, I spent several happy hours with Mr. and Mrs. Homer, in Boston. In the evening Miss Belle W. Flagg and Mr. Chapman, of Cambridge, called on us, and we enjoyed their society very much. On Sunday, Mr. George Holmes delivered an interesting address. I was much delighted in meeting my dear friends, Harry White and I. N. Soper, who has spent his vacation of two weeks in Lowell and started for New York in the evening.

"Mr. and Mrs. Homer, spent one week, at Utica Convention, Saratoga Springs, Albany, Coney Island and Long Branch. I hope they had a fine time.

"On the 30th, I was much delighted to receive a visit from my dear friend, Mr. Edwin W. Friesbe, of Boston. In the evening, we had a friendly chat till a late hour. The next morning I showed him many places of interest in town and the country which interested him very much. In the afternoon, I took him in my favorite buggy to Ridge Hill Farms and Hume-well Gardens in Wellesley. He took deep interest in everything, especially the grotto and flowers as he has never visited them in his life. After leaving the gardens, I gave him a long and delightful ride around the country which interested him very much. In the evening he returned home with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, greatly pleased with his visit. I esteem him a very fine, intelligent young gentleman. I hope he will come and see me often.

"I expect to receive another visit from Mr. and Mrs. Homer, Harry White and several other notes this fall."

Alfred Dazardoff, of the most beautiful pair of "side boards" in Brooklyn.

It is rumored that several mutes in Boston are to be married the coming autumn.

The "Twilight Club" will have its first grand oyster supper in the latter part of November.

Mr. Reidel, of Farmingdale, N. Y., is working as a carpenter on a factory now being erected at that place.

It is rumored that B. G. Kingsley will soon lead to the hymenal altar a beautiful bride. Guess who, please.

Frank Klingman, of New York City, will lead Miss M. T. Barry of Canandaigua, N. Y., to the altar in April next.

There resides two bright deaf-mute boys in Rockland, Mass. They attend the Hartford School. The school opened on the 7th of September.

Mrs. Ella Reidel, of Farmingdale, N. Y., says that deaf-mutes who are in want of employment can earn \$7.50 and upwards per week in the brickyards of A. Stewart.

Michael Hackett and Fred Spafford, of Rochester, N. Y., whose arrest was mentioned in the JOURNAL of August 18th, have been honorably discharged.

Our friend, George A. Newhall, of Melrose, Mass., seems to be much improved in his health and has gone to work. It is hoped that he will regain his usual strength.

A correspondent would like to know if "Columbus" meant that any "foreigner" could take the Mute's Chronicle a year for seventy-five cents instead of one dollar.

Mrs. Robert D. Beers, of Bridgeport, Conn., has been sojourning in South Weymouth, Mass., for a couple of weeks with her only son. They will shortly go back home, and may stop over at Hartford.

Your correspondent is the happy possessor of the engravings of the Hartford School. Every graduate is advised to have a copy. They may be had by sending your address to Job Williams, Esq., who will forward them for \$1.00 each.

The Boston deaf-mutes propose to have another excursion. The place engaged to be visited will be Wellesey, Mass. Will the committee give more information through the esteemed JOURNAL. (It will be found in another column.—Ed.)

The deaf-mute conventions are the rage at present. They should take a lead in their careers equally to the speaking people. The National Convention should take place in 1885 in Boston, as there is to be a grand World's Fair.

Mr. Q. Hahn, who is now at Edenburg will go to Pittsburg in the middle of September and from thence to Philadelphia. Mr. Hahn met two deaf-mute brothers named Weavers on the 4th of July. They had a pleasant time conversing.

Arthur G. Keilom is working in the hatch needle factory at Hillsboro, Bridge, N. H., and has worked there for most three years. It is a good place for him. He had a vacation of two days recently, and went to the Convention at Hooksett.

Mr. John Wilkinson, the treasurer of the "Twilight Club," whose remarkable feat of demolishing four thick slices of watermelon was chronicled in a recent issue of the JOURNAL, outdid himself at the last meeting of the club, by "getting away" with eight slices.

Samuel H. Martin, a deaf-mute from Atchison and formerly of the Kansas Asylum, is on a very pleasant visit to William Ward and F. J. Wheeler, of Carbondale, New Mexico. He works about eight miles from here as a K. H. quarryman. They are very glad to see him.

Mr. Wm. H. Spink, visited Mr. Reidel, of Farmingdale, N. Y., for a period of ten days, not long ago. He enjoyed himself very much riding with Mr. Reidel and H. S. Davone. The Reidels presented him with a large basket of apples when he was about leaving for home.

Miss Julia Smith, and her brother, John, of Buffalo, N. Y., accompanied with some friends visited Niagara Falls last Sunday afternoon and evening, and saw the Falls by Electric Light. It is a grand sight in the evening. They enjoyed the trip very much. They expect to go again some Sunday.

A writer says:—"This standing outside of St. Ann's Church, while the services are being conducted inside, is getting to be a nuisance. Last Sunday, while myself and wife were about entering, we noticed around the door half a dozen young boys, mostly pupils of the 68th Street School. Can't this be stopped?"

During the travels of Mr. W. Jenkins and wife, of New York, they spent ten days in Falmouth after leaving Monument Beach, and by a strange coincidence were favored one Sunday with a sermon from Rev. Mr. Chickering, of Washington, father of Prof. Chickering, of next Sunday by Rev. Pettengill, of the Philadelphia School. Mr. Pettengill usually spends his vacations at Falmouth, Mass.

Abraham Rippenburgh passed through Kingston one day last week with a lumbering one-horse wagon, into which he had loaded his three children aged from six to ten years, and in which he was taking them to the Catskills. Two months or more ago, he says, they were all right, but they have all been since stricken with dumb ague, and the doctors have told him there was no hope for them except from mountain air. Being a poor man, Rippenburgh had set out in his wagon. None of the children could speak a word.

The "Twilight Club" is fast becoming popular, as was testified at its last gathering, which took place on the 20th inst., at which some thirty persons took part in the festivities of the evening. Although the organization is simply for social purposes, the following officers were elected to serve for one year: President, Geo. L. Reynolds; Vice-Presidents, W. J. Waters, Mrs. Andrew Weinberger, Mrs. Henry Juhring, and the Misses Renode, Liebel and Brady; Secretaries, Frankie Seno, "boss," Mrs. H. Bailey, Philip Robin and S. Winfield McClelland; Treasurers, Watermelon Wilkinson and Miss Charity Woodruff; Committee, H. S. Juhring, G. W. Lockwood and Miss Matilda Gunn.

Mrs. Mary A. Erras, will make a flying visit to St. John's, in October, where she is like her place. She speaks in the highest terms of her Mistress, Miss P. Hains and family. Mary Ella has just recovered from slow fever. The rest of the family is a little daughter, Georgie, who wants very much to see her name in our mute paper. The other and last is Mattie G. Andrews, grand daughter, and niece, of Hon. Melvina Andrews. They are all very kind to Mrs. Erras, and seem to be very interested with the sign-language, and wants to learn them so as to be able to talk to Mrs. Erras.

Mr. L. W. Saunders will return to the Mississippi Institution about the 19th of September.

"Little Roebuck" is anxious to see "Mignon." Come to 304 Ash Street right away.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Corwin (the latter a teacher of the Indiana Deaf and Dumb Institution) are residing in Greenville, Ind.

Prof. R. P. McGee left Ohio last week for Colorado, where he will take charge of the Deaf-Mute Institution at Colorado Springs.

It is stated that Principal Thomas Widd, of the Mackay Institution, has been offered the Principalship of the Texas Institution.

It is reported that Miss Angie Fuller will be matron of the Texas Institution at the commencement of the coming school term.

L. L. Matthews, of the Mississippi Institution, will leave for home about September 17th, because he has been in school for eight years, the full term allowed by law.

Washington Houston, of Frankfort, Phila., dropped in the JOURNAL office on his way home from the Utica Convention.

We understand that Miss Belle Lowe, of Indianapolis, and her charming niece, Miss Ada, are now rusticating in the country for a few days.

W. W. S. called on Mr. R. M. Zeigler in Carlisle on the 3d of September. R. M. Z., will soon go to the Deaf-Mute College in Washington, D. C.

George S. Porter will visit Walton, Delaware Co., during his vacation, and will probably return to school with Seymour Berry, who resides there.

W. W. S. was pleased to see Master H. R. Spahs in Carlisle. H. R. S., has been at School in Philadelphia for five years, and will have to go there again this month.

Miss Kate Arnold, of Sherwood, N. Y., was disappointed on not being able to attend the Harrisburg and Utica Conventions. She hopes all who did attend enjoyed themselves.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Deshong, of Union Springs, were rejoiced to welcome a handsome young gentleman on the 6th of August, which weighed nine pounds. We congratulate them on the arrival of a son and heir.

Miss Ella J. Randall, of Rochester, N. Y., has just returned home from a visit to friends in Buffalo, N. Y. She says she had a delightful time. During her stay at Buffalo, she spent one day visiting Misses Hastings at East Aurora.

The Mackay Institution re-opens on the 7th of September. There will be about 35 pupils. Mr. Widd's collecting tour has been successful. Funds enough for that number of pupils have been raised.

W. W. Swartz, happily met his two old classmates, Messrs. Jeremiah Moyer and John Dougherty, at Pennsylvania Convention, in Harrisburg. Oh! why didn't his old classmates attend the Convention? He has not seen them since he left the Pennsylvania Deaf-Mute Institution in the Quaker City.

Mr. Swartz, of Catawissa, Pa., on visiting R. M. Z., had the pleasure to converse with Mrs. Zeigler and Miss Shaw, (niece) a happy wife, of Mr. John Zeigler, of Philadelphia for an hour or two. A present of a splendid cane with a very small glass stereoscopic new, of Thien Falls, N. Y., was given to W. W. S., from his old classmate, of N. Y.

John J. Thompson's two grandmothers died in the month of July—one on the 23d and the other on the 25th of the same month in 1881. Mrs. E. Roberts died in Nova Scotia, July 25th, aged 72 years. She was buried in Nova Scotia. Her other grandmother, Mrs. Ann Thompson, died in Corning, July 23d, aged 94 years and 1 day. She was buried in Wetherfield, Henry Co., Ill., near Kewanee, on the 25th of July.

I. N. Williams, of Jackson, Mich., who has written a statement against Mr. John Brooks, of Detroit, which was published in the *Advocate* of August 6th, is a falsehood and a malicious statement. The writer wishes to show the readers of the JOURNAL that Mr. Brooks does not owe Mr. Kerr, the artist, one cent, and never used to board with the Mr. Kerr while both were living in Jackson.

A meeting of thirty mutes was held in Detroit, on the 20th, for the purpose of organizing a society for the benefit of the Detroit mutes, and it was unanimously adopted. After a few minutes business, the ballot was taken for the election of the officers. The following names of officers elected are as follows:—James Sullivan, President; Collins C. Colby, Vice-President; Edward L. Van Damme, Secretary, and Joseph Kolhoff, Treasurer. The meeting then broke up. The next meeting will be held on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Mollie Bouton, daughter of W. M. Genet and wife of Addison Bouton, of 129th street and Lexington Avenue, N. Y. City, is now visiting friends of her father at Bernville, Albany Co., N. Y. Whether she went in company with Miss Susie Campbell, daughter of Franklin Campbell, on August 14th, although Miss Campbell returned after a few days' visit. Mrs. B. still continues her visit, hoping thereby to benefit the health of their little daughter, who was looking poorly from effects of impure city air. Mr. Bouton and his sister, Mamie, intend to take a trip to Albany soon, to meet them on their return journey.

Mr. N. Denton, of Geneva, N. Y., writes:—"By the thoughtful kindness of William McKinney, of Philadelphia, I was introduced by letter to Prof. J. T. Elwell, of the Deaf-Mute Institution of Philadelphia, who favored me by a visit at my place at Geneva, N. Y. I enjoyed Prof. Elwell's stay with my family very much. His intelligence and social accomplishments were pleasant to my family, and we were glad to entertain and welcome him at our home. By Prof. Elwell's invitation, I accompanied him to Harrisburg and attended the State Convention of Deaf-Mutes at that city which I enjoyed very much. I met many deaf-mute friends through Harrisburg to Philadelphia. I have accepted the hospitality of my brother, William McKinney, and his family as dear to me as my own kindred. I have been very courteously entertained by Principal Foster, of the Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf-Mutes, and admire the system and management of that excellent institution. I reluctantly had to give up attending the Convention at Utica, N. Y., as business compelled me to return to New York City, which place I have not visited within eight years. I was glad to meet my many friends of the old Institution at New York, from which I graduated. Whilst at Philadelphia I visited Mr. Aug. H. Moore, Capt. H. B. Lowry and Geo. W. Curtis, all of whom are my relatives. The ladies I met at the Pennsylvania Institution I found very agreeable, and must acknowledge their angelic ministries."

A picnic of deaf-mutes of New York City, was recently held at Elm Park.

Messrs. F. M. Senior and G. L. Reynolds were elected members of the Social Union at the last meeting.

Off the slip of 35th St., North River, New York City, 3 deaf-mutes enjoyed a boat ride across the river recently.

Miss Handy, who used to keep a private articulation school for the deaf and dumb in 59th street, New York City, is in Michigan.

Prof. Reaves and wife, of Station M, New York, while in Montreal, Ca., were frequent guests at the residence of Mr. Widd.

Miss Hattie McGann, late of Flint, Michigan, is now in Montreal. She is the teacher of articulation in the Mackay Institution, and superintends the household.

A young lady in Harlem, who is partly deaf, is in the habit of answering "yes" to every thing when a gentleman is talking to her for fear he might propose to her and she not hear him.

Mr. Paul S. Girardin, of Buffalo, N. Y., says he has a field of about 200 acres of land at Bedford, Lewis Co., N. Y., near Croghan. Mr. A. V. Berquist remained with him a few days prior to his return to Jamestown.

On the 24th of August, Messrs. Theo. A. Froehlich, ex-President of the M. L. A., and Moses Heyman returned to this city after a two weeks' pleasant sojourn in Walden, N. Y. While there, they were the guests of the Koffman family.

Mr. Widd was appointed Principal of the Texas Institution by the Trustees, but declined to accept the position, and remains at the Mackay Institution. He has declined several offers for his services in different parts of America and England.

Mr. R. A. Gelder, of Williams, Iowa, writes:—"The item relating to the separation of my wife and myself, which appeared in the *Advocate* of a recent date is untrue. I parted from my wife, Charlotte, because she used to go off without telling me where she was going. I always used her as well as a man could, and I can prove it. She went off to Akeley without informing me. I built a new shoe-shop and would have soon commenced business had it not been for her doings. It was impossible to save money while with her. I gave her my shop and wagon to help pay the debts. I do not wish her to write to that paper about me again. I desire to be left alone, as it was her fault that we parted."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—There are only two deaf-mutes here—myself and another one. The other one is very old and uneducated. He has neither father nor mother, brother nor sister. He lives near me with an old bachelor who is not related to him. He is not only deaf and dumb but also blind. Of course, being in that fix, conversation with him is impossible, so he goes around paying no attention to any one, and no one pays any attention to him. The old bachelor is very kind to him and feeds him all he wants. He is a dog.

I would like to see "Mignon." She writes such funny letters to the JOURNAL that they make me laugh way down my back.

ISA MONTAGLAIK.

Aug. 29, 1881.

KILLED ON THE RAIL.

Miss Lizzie R. Fahnestock, received a letter from Miss Mary C. Seal, which reported that Mary E. West, who graduated from the Philadelphia Institution last June was instantly killed by a locomotive, while on her way home from Camp-meeting on the 21st of August.

COLORADO INSTITUTE.

PROGRESS OF THE ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS ON THE BUILDING.

It is expected that the Deaf-Mute Institute will open for the fall term as early as September 10th. The new principal has been chosen in the person of Mr. R. P. McGee, of Bond Hill, Hamilton county, Ohio. Miss Fannie Howell, of Cincinnati, has been employed as assistant teacher. Mr. H. M. Harbert will be continued in his present position. We are informed that there will be plenty of work for three teachers, last year the force was greatly overworked and the assistants of the matron, Mrs. Kennedy, had to be employed at times in the school room. The improvements on the building are being pushed along as rapidly as possible. There will be added to the present building a wing similar to the one built last year. A tower will be erected over the grand entrance and a mansard roof thrown over the entire building. The additions and improvements will cost about \$30,000. The putting on of the mansard roof will be finished first in order that the old building may be ready for occupation by the school opens in September. The building when completed will be a decided ornament to the city.—*Colorado Springs Gazette*.

A Book-Agent's Experience in a Printing Office.

Yesterday one of the irrepressible class of people known as book-agents, found his way into the composing room of *The Democrat*. Looking around, he singled out a bright, intelligent looking young man for a victim, (intelligent looking young man for a victim, if we may be so late here, the intended victim was deaf and mute.) Walking up to him, the book-agent put on his blandest smile, and said, "Good morning, sir." Of course, the dumb never said a word. Not at all abashed by this cold reception, the vendor of literature went on: "I am introducing the publications of the celebrated publishing house of Frank, Sham & Co., and among others, I have a very beautiful copy of the works of our most celebrated American author, Washington Irving. Allow me to show it to you. It is elegantly bound in Turkey Moysen, printed in excellent type and on the finest of United paper. Now this is a book without which, no young man's library is complete, and I will sell it to you on instalments of one dollar a month. (The dummy was perfectly silent.) "Ah, I see," said the book-agent, "you are one of those who love to revel in the realms of poetry. The mind of the young frequently has a poetic turn, and I have often thought it was a wise provision, in the economy of providence, for we get down to the prose of life soon enough. Here is a very handsome volume of the Female Poets of America, containing selections from the Sweet Singer of Michigan and many others too numerous to mention. Regular stem-winders, full regulated, solid gold back cap, rim, bezels and pendant, jeweled to isothermal changes, heat and cold, and you can own this beautiful book by the payment of the trifling sum of one dollar per month." (The dummy kept on distributing motion.) Just then the "kid," who had been asleep under a frame, raised himself upon his elbows, and resting his chin on the hand, said: "I say, mister, that fellow is deaf and dumb, and couldn't hear it thunder." The book-agent glared around for a moment, seized his grip-sack, and in two strides reached the door, growling as he went, "Why the hell—Id didn't wait six months before you told me!"—*Leadville (Col.) Democrat*.

Miss Sadie Howard has returned from the Catskills.

Miss Florence Jones has been spending the summer in S. Springfield, Mass.

Mr. Harry Bierhaus and Miss Lizzie Shroyer, of Indianapolis, Ind., were married recently.

Ira Price must think a great deal of her sisters, her cousins and her aunts. "Pinafire" included.

"Terwilliger Fitzpatrick" is sharp as a tack. Here's our plate. Some more, if you please.—"Mignon."

James Epler, of Collonsville, Pa., paid a visit to Lizzie R. Fahnestock, of Muncy, on the 29th of August.

Miss Bella Lowe is sporting a pearl necklace and pearl bracelets. Wonder if they don't signify "genuine business."

Mrs. Follette's cooking stove, parlor stove and also the lady herself, must have come over in the Mayflower, inasmuch as such things ain't in vogue now.

Mr. Mann and little Howard returned home last week from Medina, Ohio, from a very enjoyable visit to Rev. and Mrs. Colloque, at St. Paul's Rectory.

Some body wonders, really, wonderfully, if a stroke of indigo was stroked across Miss McKay's hand, it would turn white simultaneously, at once, together, *en masse* and in a heap.

Miss Emily Ludwig, of New York City, visited her friend, Annie Bryan, at the New York School, last Wednesday. Before she left, the JOURNAL office was visited for the first time.

On the 21st of August, Miss Melinda A. Longenberger, of Watsonstown, Pa., and Hannah Shannon, of Turbotville, paid a visit to Miss Lizzie R. Fahnestock, of Muncy, Pa. They had a very nice time.

Mr. Wm. E. Hummel, of Milton, Pa., paid a flying visit to Charles W. Longenberger, of Watsonstown, on August 30th. He says he had a pleasant time. He returned home on the evening of the same day.

The next time "Mignon" appears in the JOURNAL, she will give an account of one of the *bon tonnet* weddings that is ever "agoin'" to take place. So just wipe your eye-glasses and get "a good ready" for to read.

Will Deering, residing on Pleasant Street, Chichester, shot a blue Heron in his father's meadow the 19th, that measured 28 inches from point of bill to tip of tail feathers, and 54 inches from tip to tip of wings. (Will is an excellent shot, every time.—*Dunbarton (N. H.) Snow-flakes*.)

Well, well, "Mignon"—the NAME we mean—is getting quite popular. (We write our name indeed, but in a cipher none can read.) There is the barge, the "Mignon" cape, which, by the way, is very becoming to slender figures. Then the "Mignon" cigar, and L. Strengb has composed "Tarentelle Mignonne" for the piano.

It is reported that Stanton F. Wheeler, of Worcester, intends to be present at the Boston picnic with the charming Miss Abbie Chaffin. Mr. Wheeler will probably try the ball throwing match, for which he is famous. It is to be hoped that J. F. Donnelly, of Woonsocket, R. I., will also compete in this game. John McCarthy, of Lawrence, will have a chance to beat Gerry, as he has long wished to. Ed. Duran, Mr. Wilmington and Willie Rudolph are going to take part in some of the games.

Miss Leonora C. Gray is still the guest of Mrs. Joseph H. Vance, a highly estimable lady, and enjoys the western air. She may have to return home before long, as her mother contemplates going to Europe with her next year. Leonora would like to hear from her old friends in New York and Brooklyn. Her address is 309 Madison street, Newport, Ky., care Mr. J. H. Vance.

A Correction.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I beg permission to state that the subject of my last sermon in Cleveland was not "The Love of money," as stated by a correspondent; but was based on the text, "For the love of Christ constraineth us."

Yours, very truly,

A. W. MASON.

No. 5 CHESTNUT ST., CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 29.

A Deaf Dog.

There have been so many lies told about dogs, and the wonderful things they have accomplished, that we feel almost unequal to the task of telling a true dog story and making it of any interest to the public. But there is a gentleman in Milwaukee, Patrick Nichols, who resides in the first ward and holds a position under the government in the post office, who has, to say the least, a peculiar dog. Mr. Nichols settled in Milwaukee some thirty-five years ago, bringing the dog with him. During all that time the dog has been a faithful friend and companion of his master, but is now beginning to age. Some time ago it was noticed that he was losing his hearing, and he did not respond to a command in an ordinary gentle tone of voice. A visitor who was making a call one day at Mr. Nichols' house, and who was quite deaf had an ear trumpet, and the trumpet was tried on Jimmie with the most astonishing success. He had been learned to do certain things, and when the ear trumpet was placed to his ear, and an order given through it in an ordinary tone, he would immediately execute the order, though without the trumpet he could not hear it. He soon understood about the trumpet, and one was procured for him, and whichever member of the family happened to have it, he would go to them, place his paws on their lap, wag his tail and ask them to talk. It was a great comfort to him.

Some time after this it was noticed that the dog's eyesight had failed greatly, and a pair of spectacles were procured, made especially for him by an optician, and fastened upon his nose. That the dog was tickled there could not possibly be a doubt. He capered about in the greatest glee and almost laughed out loud he was so glad. He has subsided down lately, however, and wears his specs with a dignity becoming one of his advanced years, but he will not permit them

Proceedings in Full.

deaf-mute should try to find these and have them sent to school. If every one should do so the number of pupils in our institutions would be doubled, and it would be a noble thing to thus extend their advantages and blessings.

The paper was an interesting one; its purpose being to set forth the value of literary societies as a means of literary training for deaf-mutes.

AT THE ASYLUM

A large delegation of mutes from Syracuse and other places came in the afternoon. At about 3 o'clock the mutes assembled at the Butterfield House and started on route for the state lunatic asylum. They were warmly welcome by Dr. Brush and his co-laborers.

known in the JOURNAL before long.
 August 20, 1881. T.YPO.

Variegated Paragraphs by
"Allspice."

just spoken of, who was chairman of that committee, saw nobody on the

and brotherly spirit and to be united in their work, and make Christian

On the 30th, the mates went on an excursion to Osprey Beach.

There was a perceptible increase in the number of delegates present at

...back into the history of ...

"MR. WHY."

Fighting a Burglar.

AUTUMN.

And So Forth.

The potato-bug is dead.
The festive flies have fled.
The weeds have ceased to breed,
The corn has run to seed;
The bear begins to snarl his paw,
And the hickory granger has gone to law;
The gentle bee has lost its sting
Which he'll not find again till spring;
The frog has ceased his tangle lay,
And in the mud has hid himself away.
Now in full retreat are Sol's fierce rays,
Welcome now the cozy nook and gentle blaze;
Deserted now are quiet sequestered nooks,
Welcome now are long deserted pen and books;
'Tis autumn, golden end of the year,
Full of Earth's best fruits and good cheer.

So "now I lay me down to sleep"—
O! hang it! what a slip—I meant
now I lay down me hoe and take up
me pen once more, hoping I shall not
receive too "warm" a welcome, and
to put all in a good humor I'll tell a lit-
tle story which I came across, and
which, as S. Cobb would say, is too
good to be lost, and has the merit of
being true.

He is a semi-mute.
He is stone deaf, and, consequently,
sometimes talks loud enough to raise
the dead—buildeth better than he
knoweth, as it were—which served
him well on this occasion.

He lately got married, and the lov-
ing couple tried boarding like thou-
sands before them in a like situation,
and, like the aforesaid thousands, soon
found out that they would prefer
housekeeping on their own hook.

Accordingly they rented the first
floor of a modest little cottage, and
having furnished it to their taste,
moved in.

The first night in the new home,
having secured all the windows and
doors and carefully inspected the
space between the bed and the floor,
they retired in fancied security con-
gratulating themselves on their snug
nest, and soon were sound asleep.

Towards midnight he was awak-
ened by that indefinite something which,
although we see nothing, proclaims
the presence of another person near
at hand.

He looked around, and there, sure
enough, right at the bedside appar-
ently rummaging the contents of the
bureau drawers, by the dim light of
the moon he saw, O! horrors! a
burglar!

Petrified for a moment, he gazed at
the audacious intruder.

Then he rose in his wrath, and find-
ing his tongue, he shouted, "See here,
you blanketed scoundrel, git! or I'll
put a bullet through you!"

(He had no gun or pistol within
reach, but then, you know, that's the
way to frighten a burglar.)
The burglar didn't frighten worth
a cent.

Exasperated beyond endurance, the
semi-mute sprang out of bed, and
seizing the first thing handy, which
happened to be his boot, made a des-
perate lunge at him.

There was a terrible crash.
The burglar mysteriously disappear-
ed like a flash, and instead he found
the wife of his bosom clinging con-
vulsively to his manly form, and en-
quiring, as well as she could in the
semi-darkness, what the racket was
about.

The up-stairs tenant hearing the
loud talk and the crash took in the
situation, and understood that a ter-
rible conflict with burglars was going
on below; so seizing his gun he
hastily roused the neighbors who
burst in the door and found—our
semi-mute and his wife lamp in hand
ruefully surveying the ruins of their
new plate glass mirror and a couple
of vases!

He had been fighting his own re-
flection in the mirror!

Next time he sees a burglar in his
room he will feel him all over or stick
a pin in him first to discover whether
he is the real Simon Pure article
before he pitches in.

Burglars had better keep away from
there.

They might get hurt.

AND SO FORTH.
We have not been amused and ed-
ified by any effusions from the poetic
pen of "Judge DeCoursey" French
for a long time. Why this silence,
"Judge"? Hurry up. Somebody
way down in Illinois is languishing for
something inspiring from your pen.
Don't be cruel, "Judge," but hunt up
your pen at once for her benefit.
Perhaps you dropped it among the
bottles and decanters while hunting
for a "terrible example." Any how
scare it up, but don't hold yourself
up as a martyr to jealousy any more,
thats a good fellow!

We saw "Columbus" once, and
our mental exclamation was, "My
gracious, what a nose!" We think
now we are right, for he certainly has
about the best nose for news of any
of the JOURNAL correspondents, and
he generally has it correct too, which
is saying a good deal nowadays, when
so much "news" is manufactured to
order by correspondents, and has to
be corrected in the next issue.

Our diminutive friend, G. V., he of
the auburn locks, certainly has a

queer idea of what constitutes an in-
sult. Howsoever he is young yet
and may outgrow his quirks and
cranks. The best thing for such as
he is a gentle pat on the head, and a
smiling, "Good little boy, don't do
it again."

About this time look out for squalls
—when the young ones are brought
to school for the first time, and the
fond parent sneaks out of the back
door, and makes a bee line for the
nearest depot, under instructions
from the superintendent—an undigni-
fied thing he never thought of when
he started for home, but then neces-
sity knows no law.

Ain't it about time for the sweet
singer of Illinois, otherwise known as
A. F., to start some new sensation in
the deaf-mute papers? Why not
start a subscription for the benefit of
those poor fellows who are going to
the everlasting demnation pow-wows,
on account of their inability to get
married—drifting into the broad road
to destruction.

By the way, we have been looking
in vain for that long promised list of
lady candidates for college honors!
Why is it not forthcoming? Is A. F.
afraid that if they are made public
they will at once be gobbled up by
those sharks in human shape who are
always on the lookout for partners for
life? If so, it will be necessary to
build the college in some secluded
spot, keep its location a profound
secret, smuggle the fair candidates
into its classic precincts in the dead
of night and keep them under lock
and key until they have passed the
chrysalis state, and emerge in the
gorgeous plumage of full-fledged
B. A.'s.

Now the order of things will be re-
versed. Where the tears of joy flow-
ed last June will now spurt forth the
tears of sorrow, and where the tears
of sorrow welled up will now be
scooped the tears of joy! Conse-
quently, handkerchiefs will have to be
twisted the other way to wring them
out! Yea, verily! this is a strange
world.

LETTER FROM "COLUMBUS."

(Correspondence of the Deaf-Mutes' Journal.)

CUPID'S DARTS, TO WHICH MR. SAMUEL
M. FREEMAN AND MISS ELIZABETH
HERRICK FALL VICTIMS—AN INTER-
ESTING CEREMONY—THE PRESENTS,
ETC.—NUBS OF NEWS GATHERED IN
SPRINGFIELD—OHIO STATE FAIR—
SMALL TALK CONCERNING PERSONS
AND THINGS.

Boarding the 3.35 "C. S. C." train
on Wednesday afternoon, in company
with Principal Perry, we were, at the
end of a couple of hours, landed in
the thriving and rapidly growing city
of Springfield. Our ride down was
quite pleasant, made so by the atmo-
sphere a portion of the way having
been cooled by a right good shower,
the latter welcomed by every body,
and we might add by every growing
thing. A curious freak of nature
showed itself, or we might say the
weather, on the way down. Here in
Columbus and surrounding country
it has been very hot and dry for some
weeks and every body longs for rain.

Twenty miles from here, we observed
that the country had been visited with
quite a shower during the afternoon.
This was noticeable until within a few
miles of Springfield, where it seems
the people were less fortunate. How-
ever, if they had been praying for
rain, this petition was answered, for
in the evening it came on in good
earnest for a while and supplemented
in the morning with another slight
shower. Reaching Columbus at ten
o'clock the next morning, the dust
held full sway, showing that no rain
had fallen. Shortly after, however,
a few drops came down, but not suf-
ficient to amount to any thing.

But we didn't set out to write up
the weather, so to the object of our
sudden descent upon the Springfield-
ers, which is told in the following:

"MR. AND MRS. G. R. HERRICK
request the honor of your company at
the marriage of their daughter,
Lizzie, to Samuel M. Freeman,
Wednesday evening, August 31st,
1881, at 8 o'clock, 245 South Factory
Street, Springfield, Ohio."

At the appointed time, relatives of
the contracting parties and other in-
vited guests, to the number of sixty
or more, gathered at the residence
where the interesting ceremony was
to take place. Many of them came
from a distance—Cincinnati, South
Charleston and Columbus—to be in
attendance.

Shortly after eight o'clock, every
thing being in readiness the happy
couple about to be made one entered
the main room and having taken their
positions near the centre, Principal
Perry stepped up and in silent lan-
guage pronounced the ceremony
which made them man and wife. This
over, congratulations and good wish-
es were showered upon the new wed-
ded couple, which lasted some time,
after which an elegant repast was
served. This over, chatting was the
order until a seasonable hour when
the guests departed. The bride was
dressed in a white Swiss, with the
usual trimmings for such occasions,
and looked withal very pretty and
lovely. She is a graduate of the In-
stitution, graduating a year ago, and
while at school won many friends by
her sweet and gentle disposition.

The groom was dressed in conven-
tional black. He also graduated from
this Institution, and in addition
passed a four years course through
the National Deaf-Mute College,
where he carried off the highest hon-
ors of his class. In the fall of 1878,
he received a position as teacher in

the Georgia Institution, which he still
holds, and is highly spoken of by the
Principal as an efficient and faithful
worker in the profession.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman left on the
7 o'clock train next morning, for Cin-
cinnati, where they will remain until
the 8th inst., attending the opening
of the Exposition and then start for
Cave Spring, Ga., which they will
reach by the 12th inst.

Among the presents, we noticed
two pairs silver napkin-rings of beau-
tiful design, silver sugar-spoon, silver
butter-knife, silver fruit-knives, one
half dozen silver table-spoons, silver
nut-pickers, two fans, satchel, laces,
marble top table and fifty dollars in
gold. The groom also presented the
bride with an elegant gold watch and
chain.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Eldridge, Mr.
Alfred F. Wood, of the Cincinnati
Deaf-Mute Day School and the writ-
er were the only mutes present at the
wedding.

During our short stay in Spring-
field, we were the guests of Mr. and
Mrs. Eldridge. They have a pleasant
home and understand how to enter-
tain visitors. We met Miss Bogle, a
mute lady there, who now lives in
Springfield. She returned from a
visit to Chautauqua recently, where
she spent some weeks, and while there
met Dr. Gillett, of the Illinois In-
stitution.

Mr. A. F. Wood acted as escort to
Mr. Perry from the residence of Mr.
Eldridge to where the wedding was
to be held. The evening being rather
dark, Mr. Wood lost his way and
came near entering the mansion of the
Democratic candidate for Governor,
John W. Bookwalter.

We learned while at Springfield,
that Miss Kate Millikan, who, a few
years ago, had to throw up her po-
sition here as teacher, owing to failing
eyesight, has received a similar ap-
pointment in the Nebraska Institute,
and will leave for that place in a few
weeks.

Prof. McGregor and family, accom-
panied by Miss Fannie Howells, left
Wednesday evening for their new
field of labor—the deaf-mute institu-
tion at Colorado Springs, Col.

Mr. S. O. Swem, of Amelia, Ohio,
visited the Institution last week and
was not a little surprised at the many
changes that had taken place at his
Alma Mater since he left school.

From him we learn that Mr. John
Barclay is quite low with consump-
tion and not expected to live much
longer.

The Ohio State Fair was in pro-
gress here this week. The display
made was creditable in every respect
and the attendance was just immense.

As usual, a number of mutes took ad-
vantage of the cheap railroad rates
and visited the Institution during the
Fair. Among those present we ob-
served Mrs. J. W. W. Powell and
children, of Akron; Miss Fogle,
of the same city; Mr. George W. Fancher,
Mr. Alonzo Kingry and
Severance.

Miss Mary Lynn, employed in the
State Bindery, while en route to the
Fair, lost her pocket book containing
ten dollars and some notes. A little
boy found it and took it to police
headquarters, where it was returned
to the owner.

Mrs. J. C. Pier, accompanied by
her son, left for an extended visit to
friends, in Licking County, Saturday
last.

Mrs. P. P. Pratt, returned last
week, from a four week's visit at her
home, in the north western part of the
State.

Mr. John W. Freese stopped here a
few hours, last Saturday afternoon,
on his way to Greenville, Ohio. The
attractions there, we surmise are
pretty strong for him.

9-3-'81.

COLUMBUS.

Iowa Items.

Three weeks ago Wm. H. Dont-
hart, of Creston, came to see J. T.
Thompson and Alex. Luckey. We
were glad to see him. It was the first
time he made us a visit. We were
much pleased to talk with him. He
is a good carpenter. His wages are
good, and he gets \$2.50 a day. He is
not married yet, and he is a hand-
some young man. He said he was
going to look at the good land in
Decatur County, Kansas, this fall. He
has 640 acres of land in Mount
Pleasant, Iowa, and says it is the best
land in the State.

Wm. H. Prevost, of Villisca, Iowa,
visited us two weeks ago. He said
he was going to visit Council
Bluffs on the 30th of August.

Alexander Luckey bought a new
silver watch for \$26.50 two months
ago. He works on the farm of Geo.
Frank, and is a very good worker.
He used to work for \$1.50 a day, but
he is now boss over the workmen.

Louis Daniels, of Chicago, Ill.,
was here on a visit to John Thomp-
son and Alex. Luckey recently. We
were glad to see him. We had not
seen him for four years. He is a
cavasser. He said he was going to
Council Bluffs and from there to Chi-
cago, Ill.

Messrs. Alex. Luckey, Wm. H.
Prevost and Louis F. Daniels went to
Council Bluffs on August 30th. They
said they would probably remain
there three or four days. Alex. and
William are trying to get work there.
John J. Thompson could not go with
them because his parents were sick.
He is a harness maker by trade and
is doing a good business.

On the 29th of August, Louis Dani-
els bought a solid gold watch. He
will purchase a gold chain and charm
soon.

To all whom it May Concern.

The date of the Second Picnic of
the Boston Deaf-Mute Society has
been fixed upon for the 14th of Sep-
tember. The place is Ridge Hill
Farm, Wellesley. It is doubtful if a
better place could have been chosen
for the quiet enjoyment of aesthetic
beauty. All the best powers of artistic
skill have been lavished upon this
one spot, making it almost a paradise
on earth. The visitor will find there
many things to delight the eye, to as-
tonish the mind, and, if he be gifted
with a keen sense of humor and with
wit enough to detect a covert irony
in some of the features of the place,
he will find matter enough for amuse-
ment. The most beautiful feature of
the place is the "Grotto," which
alone is worth going far to see. It
would be useless to attempt to de-
scribe its varied attractions.

The great tower, from which a view
of many miles can be obtained, and
the camera obscura, where every
thing, even those in motion, such as
persons walking and waters running,
can be distinctly photographed to the
eye, are other attractions of the
place.

To add to the interest of the oc-
casion, several games will be played,
with two medals in each game to be
competed for. Wallace H. Krasne
and Eddie Frisbee have been appoint-
ed Committee on Sports. The list of
games is as follows: Three-mile run-
ning match, putting the shot, throw-
ing the ball, running three jumps,
one mile walking contest—with two
silver medals to be awarded in each
contest. Frisbee and Gerry, two fam-
ous ex-pedestrians, will take part,
the first named in all the contests, if
possible. Come, all ye young men,
who are thirsting for Olympic renown.

The price of admission has been
put at the reasonably low rate of
sixty-five (65) cents, which entitles
the purchaser to a fare both ways, to
free admission not only to the grounds
but also to the Grotto and Tower.

All who wish to attend, must be at
the Boston & Albany Depot on Beach
Street, before 9 o'clock on the morn-
ing of the 14th. For the sake of
convenience, tickets must be bought
early.

Geo. A. Holmes and "Another,"
Com. of Arrangements.
N. B.—If rainy, the next day.

Kendall Green News.

No rain since July.
Comparatively cool.
Grapes and apples are plenty.
Miss Pratt has returned, and looks
better than ever.

Mr. Van Ness is a happy father.
"Tis a girl.

Mr. J. C. Balis, a teacher in the In-
stitution at Turtle Creek, Penn., stop-
ped here last Wednesday, looked
about, and then went north.

Lynch is working on the farm, and
says it is hot, but he is happy.

The crops of hay and oats have
been all housed. The crop of corn
is doing pretty well. One hundred
and seventy-five bushels of wheat
have been sold recently.

Kendall Green has not changed
much. All the surroundings are as
beautiful as ever. Craig keeps things
geen with his hose.

The heating apparatus of the gym-
nasium has been put in, but the gym-
nastic rig has not yet been received
from Boston. The bowling alley will
be completed at the end of this week,
and then all is done! The bathing
pool is again full.

Workmen have been engaged in
repairing and painting the college
buildings since the term closed in
June.

The students' rooms are being put
in order. In double rooms, the sit-
ting room has been papered, and it
gives them an elegant, home-like ap-
pearance.

The buildings and grounds will all
be in fine condition when the college
opens. A. D. B.

Deaf-Mute Wedding.

On the 30th of August, Mr. Philip
Stafflinger, of Buffalo, N. Y., was
united in the holy bonds of wedlock
to Miss Susie Dowling, in the Catho-
lic Church at the corner of Maine and
Edward Sts. Many hearing persons
as well as a large concourse of deaf-
mutes were present. The wedding
festivities were kept up until mid-
night, and a joyful time was had.
Among the mutes present were not-
iced Mr. and Mrs. Paul Girardin, Mr.
and Mrs. Barth, Mr. Joseph Schla-
geter, Mr. A. V. Bergquist, Mr. John
Berger, Mrs. Roseline Siegfried, Miss
Emma Auld, Miss Agnes Papineau,
and Messrs. Jacob Stafflinger, O.
Phelps, John Herman, John Canlon,
and others.

On August 31st, Mr. Stafflinger and
wife took the morning train for Har-
risburgh, where they remained with
Messrs. Sarah and Nellie Buxton until
September 3d.

Read This, Boys.

A man who is very rich now, was
very poor when he was a boy, when
asked how he got his riches, he re-
plied:

"My father taught me never to
play till my work was finished, and
never to spend money till I had earned
it. If I had but half an hour's
work to do in a day I must do that
the first thing, and I was allowed to
play, and I could then play with
more pleasure than if I had the
thought of an unfinished task before
my mind. I early formed the habit
of doing everything in its time, and
soon it became perfectly easy to do so.
It is to this habit that I owe my pros-
perity."

ROAN MOUNTAIN, N. C.

Life Among the Clouds.

CANON AND FALLS.

Glorious Sunsets and Ex- cellent Trout Fishing.

A DEAF-MUTE CAMP AT LINVILLE RIVER.

DEAR EDITOR:—Thinking that
some of your readers may have the
impression that Mt. Washington is
looked upon as the *ne plus ultra* of
the Appalachian system or excels any
thing in mountain scenery in Ameri-
ca, and hear little or nothing of the
beauty of mountain scenery in West-
ern North Carolina, I am induced
to throw light upon their minds as to
the nature of this "Land of the
Sky."

"It is," says Prof. Asa. Gray, of
Harvard, "the most beautiful moun-
tain in the world." Little has
been said or written of this region,
since it has not got a fashionable
summer resort, but some day a
knowledge of Roan Mountain will
come to the people and the fact that
here is—let us not say here was—the
finest opportunity for the botanist,
geologist, and the artist, the most
invigorating air that keeps one con-
tinually hungry. For no other
mountains east of the Rockies has
nature done more, or offered better
opportunities for the examination of
geology and mineralogy; nor can any
place in the broad land equal it in re-
gard to its accessibility and cheap-
ness of living for those who enjoy the
scenery of mountains, valleys, streams
and ponds, and the exhilarating sport
of gunning and fishing. In most
countries, a place once wild, in
nature first beauty, has been, by artifi-
cial means, made a fashionable and
attractive spot for thousands of peo-
ple. But to a lover of nature, the
visitor sees things in all their pristine
glory. Here too, for nature-lovers
and hunters of the picturesque, for
the botanist, the geologist, the poet
and the artist, Roan Mountain is bet-
ter as it is. No posts bearing "Keep
off the grass" are here; we enjoy an
independence. I am delighted at be-
ing able to find one spot in my
country that is yet virgin, entirely
unprofaned by human use and un-
polluted by the works of man.

It was fine June weather, not too
hot for a fan and pleasant enough
with one in the sun, that we, nine,
left Washington, and in about a
day's travel arrived at Johnson City,
East Tenn., a way station, the near-
est point accessible to Roan Moun-
tain, located on the most western
border of North Carolina. Leaving
Johnson City, by the stage which
took us over a road of about 27
miles distant (and very long miles at
that). I shall never forget the
horrible jolting of the coach over the
roads; in fact, the grade being all
the way like the hypotenuse of a
right-angled triangle, we drove over
one of the roughest roads I ever met
with, and after many perilous escapes
up, over, down hills, and, even
over creeks for several miles, but all
the while cheered by the presence of
one of the most beautiful mountains
along the road. Everywhere we
found one glaring fault: the roads
were filled with loose stones from
the size of a hickory nut to the bigness
of a watermelon or California pumpkin.
They are a great nuisance in travel-
ling and a great injury to horses and
carriages. Yet the roads are covered
with them by the thousands. They
could be removed with little exertion
and expense, yet there they remain
year in and year out. I cannot tell
my delight on coming over the top of
Iron Mountain fully in presence of
the sober and noble Roan Mountain
—the grand, picturesque virgin
world—as unprofaned and unpolluted
by the works of man.

The summit of Roan Mountain is
reached by a new road seven miles up
through the forests, through which is
often caught a glimpse of the far off
mountain range in sunshine and
darkened by clouds, the emerald
gloving valleys, the precipices and
depths about us. On the mountain
top the view is beautiful and sublime.
To the north is a fine view of the
Unakas, and to the north-west the
Cumberland Mountains loom up.
The view in this direction is the most
extended, reaching over the Vir-
ginian plains 150 miles away. To
the east and south is seen the Blue
Ridge and the Black Mountains, the
highest peak of which is Mt. Mitch-
ell, 7,707 feet above the sea.

Roan Mountain, it will be remem-
bered, barometrically measured by
Rev. John W. Chickering, of the
National Deaf-Mute College at Wash-
ington, D. C., is 6,391 feet above the
sea, and is perfectly free from all im-
purities of the atmosphere. Its top
is covered with an immense extension
of grassy prairie of one thousand
acres, studded in the spring time by

red Rhododendrons, Azalias and
mountain heath.

Thunder storms are frequently be-
low us and around us. Often we can
see magnificent cloud-lakes, where all
the world is under a false ocean
except the Black Mountains which
stand out of the snowy sea like
islands. What are clouds to you
below are fogs to us on the mountain.
The air here is rarer and purer than
elsewhere on account of the elevation
above the sea, and climate is, thus,
favorable to those afflicted with
hay fever and consumption.

Here we have a temperature in the
morning of 48 degrees, noon 65
degrees, night 48 to 52 degrees Fah.
The sunsets are magnificent, and are
watched with intense interest as the
change of light reflected from the
Sun's rays on its bosom makes a
picture never to be forgotten. Sun-
rises are none the less interesting.
Our Hotel, the "Clondland," just a
few feet lower than the top of Mount
Washington, is located about a
hundred and twenty feet below the
top of this mountain.

I have seen the White Mountains,
and I here record my opinion, that
while I only admire the hoary, bold
and majestic mountain, bearing the
names of the ancient Indian fore-
fathers as the White Mountains do,
and which is wanting here, there is
yet nothing like the varied beauty
and wild picturesqueness to be seen
in this "Land of the Sky." The
absence of verdure there is one
feature that is not pleasing.

We have spent two weeks in camp
at Linville River, Fall, and Tower,
and besides have made a brief ex-
ploration of the Grandfather
Mountains noted as the source of all
the rivers flowing to the four points
of the compass. Here I cannot do
better than to quote Prof. John B.
Hotchkiss' own words about Linville
Falls and Towers: "We have visited
the White Mountains; we have trod-
den the Alps; we have visited nearly
all every part to the South; and yet
for singularity, beauty and impression
we can recall nothing surpassing the
vicinity of the Falls and Towers.
The view from the Towers includes a
greater expanse, and a greater
variety of scenery than any we can
recollect. Of the Cannon and falls,
the peculiar contour of the rocks, the
beautiful pool, and the tortuous path
the waters have cut for themselves
will ever remain a wonderful sight."

THE CANON.
One of the most curious and
wonderful works of Nature is to be
seen here. There is the Canon, a
large, deep basin hewn out, as it
were, by the action of water. This
basin was in ages past a whirl-pool
of water and rocks worked together.
The rocks by continual whirling and
grinding each other, and knocking
against the sides of the basin, in time
drilled a few holes in one side, of the
basin, out of which the water now
finds egress. Formerly the basin was
full of water and flowed over the top
in a beautiful cataract. The work
was neatly, evenly, even artistically
done. It is plain the river has been
rolling for ages here as it rolls to-day
and as it will roll for ages to come.

There was nothing to mar the per-
fect pleasure of our tramp, and we re-
turned to our hotel.

A. D. B.

A Few Words to the New England
Gallaudet Association.

It is my intention here to correct
a certain misapprehension of facts
existing among some members of the
New England Gallaudet Association,
which concerns me personally.

I have been made aware of the
many complaints regarding the non-
publication, in pamphlet form, of the
proceedings of the last Convention,
the responsibility for which having
been laid at the door of the Committee
appointed to revise the Constitution
and By-Laws.

Facts will point another way, and
direct the voice of censure elsewhere.

Now, the facts are these: In the
morning's session preceding the ex-
cursion to Nantasket Beach, Mr. Geo.
A. Newhall made a motion to the ef-
fect that the to be newly revised Con-
stitution and By-Laws, together with
a report of the proceedings, be pub-
lished at the same time in pamphlet
form, in the hurry of the moment,
was passed without much considera-
tion. In the evening session, after the
return from the Beach, I arose and
asked Mr. Newhall how it was pos-
sible to print the Revised Constitu-
tion before it had been formally adopt-
ed by the Association at its next
Convention. To this, Mr. Newhall
replied that he had been thinking the
matter over during the day, and saw
the difficulty I pointed out, and he
moved to alter his motion to the effect
that the new Constitution and the
report of the proceedings should be
printed separately, in which, if my
memory serves me right, he was
seconded by Geo. A. Holmes, and
Herman R. Erbe, of Connecticut, but
no formal vote was taken, as the al-
teration was understood to be natural
and proper.

As the matter now stands, the Com-
mittee on Revision has nothing what-
ever to do with the delay attending
the publication of the Convention's
proceedings, that being within the
province of the Board, from the presi-
dent of which an explanation is in
order. I may add that I have been
made fully acquainted with the rea-
sons for the delay in publishing the
report of the Convention, and think
they are good and sufficient, but it is
not for me to publish them.

HARRY WHITE,
Chairman Committee on Revision
of the Constitution and By-Laws.

NEW JERSEY NEWS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Once in a
while I can scrape up a little Jersey
news to send you, but what little
there is, can hardly be much concern-
ing deaf-mutes, as there are not
over a dozen scattered about in this
part of Jersey, ten or thirty miles
away